

MEN ONLY

VOLUME 53 NUMBER 12

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

Publisher Paul Raymond; Editor Neville Payer; Assistant Editor Debbie Raymond; Chief Executive & Legal Adviser Carl Schlöcher; Group Art Director Jane Hobbs; Production Editor Karen Melcherzyk; Associate Art Editor Mark O'Neill; Designers Ben Wilson, Dan Newman; Circulation Director Mike Stait; Advertisement Director James Macleod; Classified Advertisements Angie Ellis

C O N T E N T S

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| BLAME | 4 |
| THE DONE THING | 5 |
| <i>The Rev. Giles Uttamster</i> | |
| BONKERS CORNER | 6 |
| <i>Ralph Nodes</i> | |
| GOTCHA! Donald Milne | 7 |
| FUTILE SEX Halber Wams | 11 |
| DEBBIE'S WORKOUT | 11 |
| <i>Dwight Fox</i> | |
| TINA Donald Milne | 15 |
| QUIZZLE | 20 |
| CHRISTMAS CRACKERS | 22 |
| <i>Colin Jeffery & Paul Dunn</i> | |
| KATHY Joan Rougeron | 23 |
| DAPHNE HUGGLANDS | 28 |
| SURVIVING THE OFFICE PARTY | 30 |
| <i>Gerry Bronowski</i> | |
| FLEUR Donald Milne | 33 |
| SANTA'S HARD RIDE | 36 |
| <i>Howard Lake</i> | |
| STEPHANIE Joanne Allum | 42 |
| THE MILLION POUND | 52 |
| HARD-ON Howard Lake | |
| ROWAN Jack Hamson | 58 |
| GEORGINA John Graham | 67 |
| YOURS SINFULLY | 78 |
| MY CONFESSION | 88 |
| CLASSIFIEDS | 93 |

Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd
2 Avenue St. James W1P 2PL (Tel: 01 235 0151)
Typesetting by Creative Composition Ltd
Colour by Colourscan High Definition
printed this Edition by Hulton-Deutsch Press PLC
Postnet All subscriptions are full-rate and charge is no extended reference to persons or their living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: namely that it shall not without written consent of the publishers be lent, sold, hired, re-sold, or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade or in any other manner, or that it shall not be used for any other purpose than that for which it is sold. Any person who is found to be in breach of these conditions shall be liable to the full value of the periodical and to the cost of the legal proceedings for the recovery of the same. The publishers accept no liability for loss or damage. Second Class Postage paid at New York Post Office, No. 10. Copyright © 1996 by Paul Raymond. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher.



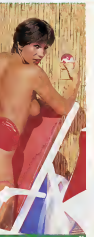
FLEUR



KATHY



DEBBIE



KATHY

23

Our late great Art Director, Giacomo, Leonardo, Michelangelo, having shuffled off his sporty golf and along his hammock in the impressive headquarters of a Mega-Int Conglomerate, you can look for a few changes around here.

Not in Men Only, of course, as he never did any work on that anyway, sitting in smoky restaurants drinking Prosecco for the best part of the day before shuffling off home at 4.30.

No, you have to look out for weird appearances in the world of arty celebrities and cards and all. Because Giacomo is hiring artist artists, not to mention the cleaners and underfootmen to put some oomph into said products.

So come Christmas next year you won't be able to go into a card shop without a pile of Santa flashing his Rudolph at you, or the Angel Gabriel appearing to shepherds watching their flocks of suspended ewes by night.

There's one novelty card, we hear, that shows a naked girl with her thighs tightly crossed. Pull her

BLAH!

As no one ever believes anything they read in the letters' column, why not let your hair down and tell us the truth?

Experience Counts

Sir Most guys find it hard to relate to their wife's mother. I know I did with mine. She seemed a real prude. She's a religious lady who lives in a small town and knows everyone's business.

Well, my wife was in hospital recently and her mother came to keep house for me as I work hard and late and need help. I'm to keep up with the pressure.

Well, one morning I woke up to feel legs around my cock. And in my dreamy state I thought it must be my wife who loves to wake me up that way at weekends.

But those legs got lower and

Record Number

Sir Today I have made love to 12 women between the hours of 8am and midnight. Is this a record?

P.C.

Answer

Not unless you were all packed in the same telephone booth at the same time!

Pope's Problem

Sir As an insider at the Vatican, I think it my duty to bring to the attention the facts about His Holiness.

The Pope's strange behaviour at airports has long been a cause for wonderment. The Vatican press office has managed to disguise the

fact and her legs spring open and a vibrator plops out and vibrates all the way up the aisle, to the amusement of the vicar and all your relations.

Which may come as a bit of a surprise to those of you used to arty-farty pics of green nudes riding white horses into a loaming sea.

White horses riding green girls won't be the same at all. Well, I suspect, will the ghostly verses:

Happy birthday Auntie May

Hope you have a lot of baby

You're only 31 years old

Doesn't mean your nanny's cold

That sort of thing is quite likely to be on the cards if they start employing our more stylish writers.



MY CONFESSION



"Besides John Wayne, does he do any other impersonations?"

lower and I woke up a little bit more to find that the woman who had my whole cock and half my balls in her mouth was my wife's mother.

Well, I was hard and horny and I didn't care too much. I just came into that deep throat and enjoyed it.

But afterwards I started worrying and thinking and getting a bit disgusted. What I'm wondering is where did she learn to suck cock like that?

There's got to be more to this old lady than meets the eye.

T.B.

Hampden

Well, don't keep us wondering find out and let us know. What a place to end a letter!

trouble for years by putting about the story that he knelt down to kiss the ground as a symbol of his love for all lands.

But this is not so. In fact, His Holiness has a solvent's addiction. He is particularly hooked on aircraft fuel. The pictures you see of him at airports almost always show a weep of fuel close at hand.

That is not all. I can reveal from secret files that the Vatican uses 2,000 litres of glue every year and 1,300,000 litres of type correction fluid.

The figures grow for themselves.

J.F.

Vatican City

continued on page 34



GEORGIA

As for the three-dimensional kit card - I took the nipple and I gives orgasmic gasps while playing the theme song from *Neighbours* - well, really!

Ugh! Things go on at the local rental centre as well. Ms. Raymond is scratching her bits in *Antigua*. The man Player is hiding in the filing cabinet until the big model with the huge boobs and the enormous crush on him leaves the building.

She is currently sniggering and crunching my shoulders with the weight of them as I write this.

Now she's stopped, having, of course, heard where the man is hiding and has heated him out of his Twinkles.

"I was just looking for that wonderful set we had of you," he explains. Simply as she hauls him into his office and bangs his door shut.

Just have to rescue him, with the tiger net. Yeah, I know you think I'm joking, but think again! Jack.



GEORGIA

33

THE • DONE • THING

BEST OF BRITISH CLUCK

If the Oxford Union is grooming the leaders of tomorrow, take our tip – mark your luggage: 'Shit Creek'

"To the University of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation."
Edward Gibbon

At one time the English Gentleman would send his sons to Oxford as a matter of course. It was an excellent place for him to do his drinking and fucking. Far better he should sow his wild oats up there amongst the girls of the town, than the daughters of one's tenants should have their bellyful of him at home!

Then he learned the important things in life: avoiding marriage, dodging creditors and concealing drunkenness, in an environment a gentleman need not be ashamed of.

That's all past, of course. For some years the place has been full of board-school swots, pockets crinkling with large chunks of our rates and taxes, there to work for some degree in *tragic*. We know that, but still the idea hangs on that Oxford nurtures the leading men of Britain who learn, in the Oxford Union, the cut and thrust of parliamentary debate.

Indeed, the Union is a model of Parliament. But I fear that, today, for every honourable member there are half a dozen honourable plonkers. The only debating chamber it now fits them for is the public urinal where their decision on who deposited most urine in his shorts will, at least, cause no great harm.

SEPTIMS OF A MOTION: I went up recently with Lord Cardman and Mad Jack to support the man Player who was opposing a motion deemed in its own wording.

This House celebrates celibacy over promiscuity.

It could as well have been: This House prefers ples to TV quiz shows! I don't know what bloodshed thought I up, but you can see, gentlemen, that he is no future Lord Chancellor. For it is a basic rule of propositions that you should put up against each other elements that are similar in kind. Not as here, the absolute negation of all sexual acts against the varying feast of promiscuity – which ranges from a single roll with a dowy while married, through normal sexual behaviour to the extremes of uncontrollable sexual appetite, nymphomania or sallyness.

Had they tried. This House celebrates celibacy over sallyness, they might have had some chance – although not with nymphomania. I would guess, as a nymphomaniac is the only sort of person likely to be interested in sex with many of those present.

Again, what is this word celebrate? It rings of joy and human feelings. But, although I can see one might admire celibacy in a life devoted to a noble cause, I cannot imagine anyone would celebrate this anti-life negative as a general good. If indeed, after some years, there was anyone left to celebrate anything.

Ill-conceived poppycock, of course, but then I suppose we should be pleasantly surprised that those in favour of celibacy can conceive anything.

Scotch mist, I should perhaps have said, because the Union is run entirely by men in skirts. Brought down, one imagines, by a run of 'Scotch Presidents' the one then incumbent being, unless my memory fails me, the ninth Earl of Bute. These North Unions have all the attributes of Scotsmen – except, of course, having there (which, like so

many of their countrymen, they cannot help).

PUNIT AND DUST: So to the 'cut and thrust' of debate. I was intrigued, as I relaxed on the front bench, to see how they would try and win this lost cause. In the end nobody did. The debate was opened by an ageing swot – the sort whom, at school, one was forced to throw stones at. He revealed that he had continued to remain at Oxford for 10 years! (Self-frustrated, I hope. There are limits, and one feels chafed if one's taxes are being used to finance a student who refuses to be promiscuous. I mean, what's a university for?)

Made some jokes, I remember, but there was no substance. Very weakly he avoided the motion, (except to suggest that Oxford students were in favour of celibacy because, having to work so hard, they had no time to get a legover. Which is much like saying that a man in a cell being whipped with scorpions must prefer torture to dancing the foxtrot).

Next up, the student against the motion. Our champion! I heard the words, but couldn't understand any of them. Thought I must have had a stroke, until he sat down and admitted he hadn't a clue what he'd said either.

CLUCK-CLUCK! So much for the students, their nervous host, notable speaker was a fellow of advanced years and much experience. What would he say in favour of celibacy?

I don't know. For he drew himself up to his full height and, with great dignity, made a

CLUCK CLUCK
QUARRK
CLUCK CLUCK



STEPHANE 42

LOOSEN EVERYONE UP? Don't bother. They'll be rolling around by themselves. Well, not by themselves, exactly, it's more likely they'll be rolling around in pairs, threes, quadriles.

NOW DO I PREVENT GATECRASHING? I'm glad you raised this point. It's about the only one you're going to raise after all these questions. Gatecrashing is an especially dangerous form of coital entry, indulged in by hardened revel-headed orgiasts in order to achieve remarkable penetration and mutual satisfaction. What it usually achieves, of course, is remarkable ruptures and multiple fractures. If you fear gatecrashers at your orgy, the answer's quite simple. Don't let the bastards climb on your gate in the first place.

WHAT'S THE PROTOCOL WITH CHEEZY SNACKS? Oral sex is purely a matter of taste. And comments on the flavour of your guests are considered tasteless and indiscreet. So keep your mouth shut.

NOW ABOUT PROVIDING SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR THOSE SECOND GUESTS WHO ARE VERGING ON DOUBLE FIGURES? After Eight mints seems appropriate.

WHAT IF I GET TWINGLES? This shouldn't be a problem if you eat sensibly and keep off the prune juice.

NOW DO I PICK UP GIRLS AT MY ORGY? You don't. You'll find them much more fun if you leave them on the floor.

YES, BUT DO I STAND A CHANCE OF - WELL, YOU KNOW? Look. At orgies, even a monopodial soprano Argentinian dwarf with

continued on page 10

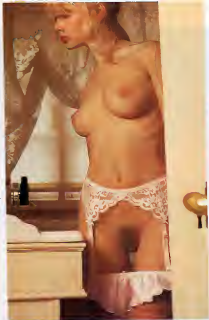


LEFT: GRAPHS BY LUTY & LUMINE

GOTCHA!

Q: What's pink and hard in the morning?

A: Our cameraman's index finger hovering over the shutter.



The sound of slinky pink silk underwear sliding down over a slinky pink bottom has finally been captured on film.

It's a funny thing, but although the sound of slinky pink silk directoire's sliding down over a slinky pink bottom is far and away the most wonderful noise in the world, they sound absolutely ghastly when pulled up! And it's absolutely no use giving your lady these things on the understanding that they will only be pulled down, because she will just look at you pityingly, put you on the head and call the men in white coats. You can ask her to put them on in the garden, of course, but the cats will howl and the neighbours will talk. You simply have to go out for a pint and come back when she's ready. And that means you will only hear that sound once a night. Sod. So when we saw on film the sound of silk on bottom, we were delighted. Here are the greatest sounds of sex captured in stereo so you can enjoy them time after time. It transports you into a male Utopia in which knickers are forever coming off. *sig*





continued from page 7

typhoid, bad breath and exploding boils stands a chance of — well, you know.

CANDIDLY ENOUGH, I AM A MUNDANE SOPRANO ARGENTINIAN ORIGIN WITH TYPICAL, BAD BREATH AND EXPLODING NOSES. Well, get in quick, your little squirt; you're up against some pretty stiff competition.

DO YOU THINK I MIGHT ACTUALLY BE ABLE TO PULL SOMETHING? Oh, yes. Probably half a dozen muscles in your groin, if you're lucky.

I HAVEN'T GOT HALF A DOZEN MUSCLES IN MY GROIN. I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT HALF A DOZEN MUSCLES IN MY ENTIRE BODY. BUT ENOUGH OF ME. WHAT WILL THE MUGGERS SAY? Nothing half of them will be too outraged to speak. And the hell that you did invite will have their mouths so full — with one thing or the other — they won't be able to say much, either.

SHOULD I LOCK MY PETS AWAY BEFORE WE START? Yes. In the drunken throes of passion, one small furry thing looks pretty much like another. To avoid any misunderstanding, hamsters must be put in a box and sent abroad, parrots should be nailed to the ceiling, and all tropical fish should be tagged and labelled clearly. Lizards rarely lead to confusion and can be considered quite safe. Unless you're a frog.

I'M NOT, I'VE NEVER EVEN BEEN TO FRANCE, BUT I HAVE BEEN THINKING OF WALES. Don't. You'd never get one through the front door.

SHOULD I MAKE SPECIAL ALLOWANCES FOR YOUNGSTERS AT MY ORGY? Under normal circumstances, you shouldn't have to worry about children for at least nine months. By which time either your orgy will be finished, or you will. Ralph Nader.

F U T I L E • S E X RICOCHET OF LUST

It's surprising what can be recalled while watching a girl with pink hair breast-feeding a ferret on the Central Line.

Although a man spends much of his time in pursuit of women, there are occasions when he devotes his energies to flight. It was while watching a girl with pink hair breast-feeding a ferret on the Central Line that I reflected, for some arcane reason, on my near rape by Mrs. Grabschitz.

Mrs. Grabschitz and her husband were the caretakers of a house I briefly lived at in Brooklyn Heights, during my New York days. Mr. Grabschitz was a butcher by trade, with a body that indicated visits to a cooper for his suits. He detested me violently, on the grounds that I was a Limey who couldn't speak Padenewski's English.

Mrs. Grabschitz was a vast woman from Tennessee, with a Southern drawl overlaid with a peculiar resonance born her cleft palate, so that whatever she said sounded like a cascade sinking.

The owner of the house was a reclusive gay who spent most of his time in anal pogo-sticking from truck driver to truck driver. Tall, burly man, they would be ushered into his ground floor apartment for dinner, and escorted into the street several triumphant hours later, to drive their articulated lorries on to the next delivery. I had fallen upon hard times, and been relegated from my apartment to a room in the attic, at the end of a narrow corridor.

One night, to my horror, a drunk Mrs. Grabschitz barged into my room and flung herself on my bed, which protested almost as much as I did.

"My husband hates you, but we don't care, do we, darlin'?" She flung an arm behind my neck, and lowered her huge face towards me.

One of us cried very much indeed. I managed to free myself, and stood shivering on the linoleum, while she gave me the sort of smile a tantrum gives a bluebottle and began to utter alcoholically-scented endearments, all accompanied by the bounding coracle sound.

She fell asleep with her mouth open, and I did not even bother to pack. My few possessions seemed well lost as, turning myself into a Rapunzel-Indian Rope Trick, I let myself down by my own hair and galloped up the street, via the landlord, into whose stomach I cannoned as he was seeing off a truck driver.

On another occasion, I was having a drink in a New York bar where a large number of pretty girls were dancing together. They all had boy names, and one of them, Phil, I particularly liked.

"Why not dance with a man for a change?" I asked her. "Halter, you have no idea what it's like to hold a woman's body close to yours," was the reply.

"I haven't?" She seemed astonished at my astonishment. "You were here with a blonde the other night," she continued. "I could really go for her."

I wondered whether a parrot, a French sandwich, might gain the objective, but the blonde she had mentioned was, I knew, irrevocably heterosexual, so I desisted.

To be pursued by women seems a dream of advance to most of us, but pity the poor pop star, for example. His life is one long Grand National, run backwards, over the obstacles, ditches, water-jumps he has, protected by

continued on page 20

Debbie's Workout







PHOTOGRAPHS BY DWIGHT FOX





Well, men, the idea behind this stunning free give-away offer, presuming you don't mind chopping up your back page and manage not to put the first staple through your thumb, is to see for the first time in heaving frenzy colour, gorgeous Debbie Ashby's lovely big bottoms rise, fall, heave and, yes, even wobble. Just like being there with the real thing, except for all the work with the scissors of course. 32

BLAH!

continued from page 4

Bligated

Sir, I was totally disgusted by your last issue of Men Only.

It was packed with photographs of a luring naked women, posing in the most suggestive manner. Posing in ways which are obviously calculated to make a man boil with lust and chase his wife around the farm all night - as indeed I did when I first received a copy.

Not only that, the letters were packed with steaming intimate details of exciting lovemaking, strange rituals and trouser-splitting eroticism.

The letters were totally silly, obviously made up and very funny.



"How's business - still holding your own?"

In fact, apart from a few bats and pieces the whole magazine was a riot of unbridled sensuality and silly jokes.

That's not what disgusted me, though. I love it.

What disgusted me was that my copy was delivered to Jack next door who pretends he never got it.

Although by the noises that come out of his bedroom and the way Mrs. Jack staggers around with a silly smile on her face and her legs wide apart, I know for a fact the bastard's got my magazine.

As for me, I am left dejected and my poor wife has taken to using a new kind of agent which is supposed to stiffen me up but actually made me waste a whole day rodding the main drain.

Please, please check your computer. I live at Mill Farm, Jack at The Mill. Or at least he does at present. But if he gets another copy of MO, I should

continued on page 86



Tina

Photographs by Donald Malne

Nightly sex
movie starlet
Tina (or Trine
as she is

known in downtown
Scandinavia) has been, we
hear, doing rude and randy
things with Don Johnson
recently vetoed the scoult
man slave (don't you just hate
him), who has also been
(according to the press that
know) three-timing Barbra
Streisand and Don's new love,
ex-Andrew Ridgley

Bimbobonibonity, Denys.
But that's enough about
them. Scandinavian sex
movie starlet, Tina (or Trine
as she is really known), is no
stranger to these pages,
having been in *MO* once or
twice before when supplies of
home grown talent were
running a bit low. Our
munchy 26-year-old caused a
sensation last year at the
Copenhagen Derby when she
turned up more or less
completely stark bollock,
naked in front of the Danish
Royal Family no less. Since
then she has confined her
appearances to films, strange
groovy magazines like this
one and Don Johnson's hotel
bedroom (sorry, thought we'd
got rid of him). When not
confining herself to John
Denson, Trine, 25-22-35 (or
Tina as we British magazines
call her), leads a quiet and
blameless life being
photographed nude by the
sort of photographers who sell
pictures to chaps like us.
Funny old world, innit? 











continued from page 11

bodyguards whose job it is to keep the girls at bay, even if they cannot stop them baying. In one's more frustrated moments, the life of the pop star seems enviable, but when one thinks of the need for constant flight from amorous dismembering, the life of the enemie takes on a certain appeal.

I remember the wife of a

highly respected, but conspicuously celibate, country clergyman. His wife was a blonde bit on wrapped twice her body used to shake in frustration but all she used to get for her pains was a basinful of The Lord's Prayer.

Inheriting some money, she told the good reverend that she was going into the removal business, and bought a pantechnon.

In this, she surged royally round Warwickshire, choosing her lovers at country auctions and studying their riley in the back, which was sumptuously lined out. If her husband had ever seen inside, and asked why she was rumbling about with a four-poster bedroom suite, she had the perfect answer: she was moving the Jones family from Lichfield to Bletchley.

She was caught in the end, as in her passion she forgot to adjust the vehicle's handbrake and found herself and her lover

looting down the Tilly – even her necessary gift of mendacity was shamed by explaining why her vessel was a four-poster, but it had at least the style of a more conventional royal barge.

I also knew a lioness who was always on the boil, and enjoyed the eponymous name of Susan Kettle. She had a peculiarly penetrating hiss like an anaconda in labour, which echoed throughout her cloistered kingdom when she called for silence.

The Kettle had a carefully cultivated wret at the side of her mouth, and a hairline moustache. The object of her desire was not, thank heaven, myself, but a teen called Sydney Gruel, an indolently attired clerk at a solicitor's in Cranecroft.

I never actually heard her cry, "telence, solicitor's clerk from Cranecroft," but am sure she would have made a good job of it.

If woman, manta, spider, devour their male in love, a woman who is a stinky librarian chews her lover to the pulp of a bookworm.

Sydney Gruel managed to survive a full season with his aggressive mistress. The affair might have still been going on if he hadn't died under her torn exertions: he was not designed for, he had to be smuggled out of her house late at night and taken in a handcart to a hospital, on whose doorstep he was left, like a foundling, in order to avoid a scandal.

The futility of flight is a good deal worse, in my opinion, than the futility of pursuit which encounters failure. To see the woman one wants elude oneself is one thing, to be the reluctant prey of a woman one doesn't want – my God, it makes me think again of Mrs Gribbechtz. And these days, I don't have enough hair to comb down (Halper Wars

QUIZZLE UNDER THE TWISLETOE

Want to win a brand new Porsche with all the accessories – including a silly blonde bimbo [36-22-36]? Do the quiz in some other magazine.

1. **Really getting into the spirit at Christmas, your girlfriend leaves home and tells you she's pregnant. Do you:**

- a) Hit the roof?
- b) Hit the bottle?
- c) Explain that this isn't what you meant by advising her to join the Christmas Club?
- d) Ask her if she's sure it's hers?
- e) Think it's a miracle?
- f) Leave immediately for Bethlehem?

2. **You are sitting at a head into the depths of Jose Saramo's knickers, when there is a knock at the door and you wake up. You jump downstairs to discover a pair of dishevelled gay bunnies with big glowing headlights on your doorstep. One appears to be with child, the other asks if you've got a room for the night, man. Do you:**

- a) Say you have, but thank him for asking?
- b) Make up the camp bed?
- c) Give him the key to the stable?
- d) See it as a heaven-sent opportunity for a DHSS rent fiddle?
- e) Agree to take them in – but only if they leave the doorway outside?
- f) Wonder why that damn star stoppaw over your house?

3. **Do you spend Christmas at home?**

- a) At home?

b) The police station?

- a) About 50 miles an hour?
- d) About £50 a minute?
- e) About 50 degrees to the floor?
- f) About 5 50pm on January 8th?

4. **You are about to select a last chap for your Christmas dinner, when a bull bellows and frightens the entire flock away. Before you have time to re-align, the area becomes bathed in brilliant light and an angel appears onto you. Do you:**

- a) Shield your eyes, remove your sandals, and feel awe around?
- b) Wonder what on earth he's doing?
- c) Flee?
- d) Demand to know if he's been seeing your girlfriend?
- e) Ask for an autograph?
- f) Think you may have had one too many at the inn?

5. **'Tis the night before Christmas, when all through the house, not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse. Then, suddenly, there are hoof-steps on the roof, and a jolly fat man talks down the chimney. Would you:**

- a) Believe it?
- b) Offer him a drink and a mince pie?
- c) Offer to punch his fat head in?
- d) Phone for a policeman?
- e) Phone for an ambulance?

6. **Patently explain to him the revolutionary concept of doors?**

6. **Does Xmas stand for:**

- a) Peace and goodwill?
- b) Profit and greed?
- c) Good old family values?
- d) Xylophones, Marbles And Scrobbles?
- e) X-rated Movies And Bex?
- f) X-rays, Mothers-in-law, Alcohol and Stress – but not necessarily in that order?

7. **Your boss lets you off early to buy him some presents. In the process, you are accused of shoplifting, booked for parking and pranged by a rude woman driver. After six**

hours spent sweating in a snowdrift, you arrive home to discover the taxi's bust, your dinner's cold and your pocket's been picked in the bank. You are on your way to the station to throw away the Christmas aid after a pipe bursts and floods your kitchen, when you're scared out of your skin by a sudden blast of Silent Night. As you fight off a sneaky rhinoceros, a thin-lipped twerky lady approaches shaking her collecting tin like a rusty coconut. Do you:

- a) Accept it gratefully?
- b) Force it down her throat?
- c) Give her a wet goose?
- d) Tap your ears and pretend to be deaf?
- e) Tap your nose and pretend to be Jewish?





1) Think this is what makes it all worthwhile?

2. Do you usually have your Christmas dinner in:

- a) The public house?
- b) The doghouse?
- c) The Bahamas?
- d) A coma?
- e) A well suit?
- f) Spite of the taste?

3. The no one is feeding your taste, the stripper is giving her taste, and your Christmas party seems to be getting into full swing, when your wife returns home unexpectedly. Do you:

- a) Ask what she'd like to drink?
- b) Ask to see her invitation?
- c) Deny all knowledge of any party?
- d) Think it was probably time to get a divorce, anyway?
- e) Think you'd be too drunk to notice?
- f) Think God you decided to hold it at the village hall?

10. If you could ask Santa Claus for just one present, would it be:

- a) A little puppy?
- b) A little pussy?
- c) An aspirin?
- d) A lawyer?
- e) A one-way ticket to Chad?
- f) Insufficient?

What did you get?

440 580 010 8150 40 1120

Q You think the Star of Bethlehem is an Israeli newspaper. Whatever part you play in the Christmas scene, it's certainly not a weak man.

10-100 You're the sort of callous chauvinistic pig who thinks goodwill was one of Robin Hood's many men. To you, Christmas is just a chance to get your own back on society and make other people's lives as miserable as your own. You're a traffic policeman.

110-200 Your Christmas preparations are well in hand. You've already bought, plucked and stuffed the turkey. Now all you've got to do is fill it and put it in the oven, and you can relax.

210-300 As one who believes it's the thought that counts, you only think of giving large gifts at Christmas. You're showing great presents of mind.

310-400 You just see Christmas

as a golden opportunity to indulge in a mindless drunken brawl with someone you've secretly despised all year. And the wife's mother is getting pretty sick of it.

410-500 You think frankincense was a mild sedative, and your idea of stuffing is... well, it hasn't got much to do with the parson's nose - except it would get up if it ever found out. Let's say you like a little game, but prefer a bit of brass.

610-800 Your Christmas tends to be a very religious occasion. You spend it on your knees seeing stars and angels.

810-1000 You're lazy, overweight and unattractive. You turn out for work about once a year, and give innocent little kids cheap bribes to sit on your knee. You've recently sustained multiple injuries in a fall, and been arrested for breaking and entering. In court, you asked for 30 million other cases to be taken into consideration. You're Father Christmas.

1010-1200 You think mistletoe is a rash you get on the end of your foot, and the last cracker

you pulled was a blonde who mistook you for her guide dog. You're dense, depressed and deprived. No wonder you hang a wreath on your door.

1210-1400 You see Christmas as a chance to renew old friendships and meet again people you haven't seen for ages. You're a liar.

1410-1600 You're obviously enjoying Christmas as much as you usually do. It's almost here, and you can still see clearly enough to read.

1610-1800 You love Christmas. Nice food, even nicer presents. You don't have to worry about money. You're no responsibilities. You don't get into arguments. And you don't have hangovers. You're three.

1810-2000 You're a man of rare gifts. In fact, the last time you ever gave anyone anything was Christmas, 1973. And she's still wearing the chiv.

2010-2100 You don't know whether to despise Christmas or revere it. It's a love-hate relationship. And this is hardly surprising as you spend all Christmas Eve out in the cold, making a pitifulous, outmoded living in the haultage

business. It's not easy being a reindeer, is it?

2110-2200 Welcome to your house can only sit back and admire your Christmas spirit. You certainly don't give them a chance to drink it.

2210-2300 You don't know what all the fuss is about. You're a Buddhist. And you don't know how lucky you are!

2310-2400 You're always very popular at Christmas. But you don't fully appreciate the moral and religious symbolism underlying the Christian celebration of life and hope. And it doesn't look like you ever will. You're a turkey.

2410-2500 You're the type who enjoys a quiet, traditional Christmas. So you get blind drunk and spend three days unconscious in a stable.

2510-2600 The last time you hung a stocking up was when your nose-bleed broke down.

2610-2800 You see Christmas as an immensely rewarding time, and you never fail to be amazed by the heartwarming generosity shown to you by your fellow man. You're a publican.

3000 + Happy Christmas!

CHRISTMAS • CRACKERS

SEASONAL TWITS

According to the News of the Screws only sportsmen screw. But the world's press has discovered everyone's of it. Shame mistake?

BARELY NOTICEABLE

Two men walked into a German supermarket stark naked and ordered two Christmas stockings full of chocolate bars and sweets. The young female cashier served them open-mouthed in astonishment, and the men departed before anyone could say anything.

The manager reported them to the police and the cashier gave the following description: "They were good looking, very well-built, brown all over. I'm afraid I didn't notice their faces."

GOOD FOR A TUCK

Lovely Jasmine Lodge is to sue her husband Donny for a divorce because he forced her to sunbathe nude in the back garden.

"He was short of money for Christmas," explained a tearful Jasmine to her lawyer in Sydney, Australia. "Donny thought that if my next door neighbour saw me fully exposed in the garden it might put him in a good mood for a loan."

CHRISTMAS BLACKMAIL

His provocatively titled young

secretary had tempted him long enough and eventually West German businessman Herr Wilhelm Sauer succumbed. He pulled her to him, and kissed her passionately - and just at that moment the door of his Hamburg office burst open and his wife stalked in. Needless to say, there was a terrible row, which ended by Wilhelm offering to buy his wife a complete Christmas wardrobe.

She allowed herself to be comforted and left the office pocketing his banknotes. Wilhelm followed a few minutes later in order to apologise

to his secretary in the outer office for involving her in the scene. But he stopped dead in his tracks when he found his wife and secretary laughing their heads off, and the younger girl taking money from Wilhelm's wife.

The pair confessed that it had been a put-up job between them. The wife offered a bribe for the secretary's help in making poor Wilhelm buy her new clothes.


CAUSED A STIR

Brenda Hampel's Christmas puddings were so delicious that her husband Otto made her cook several each day for him to give to workmates at his factory in Dortmund, West Germany.

Brenda got an fed-up with all the extra cooking that she decided to put health ails in the pudding mix. Needless to say, demand has now gone down the drain.

continued on page 28





PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN ROUGEYON


kathy



Kashy is extremely, you know – you can see it written all over her. In fact, if the connection between Men Only and titled ladies doesn't ease up, we'll be putting the Tatler out of business. It's all due, of course, to the elevated plane on which the guv'nor now goes about his business of doing good (He means the Lear jet –





Ed) As a result we've got into all sorts of scrapes. Got it all wrong once and said a courtesan was a hairdresser from Basingstoke (and a hairdresser from Basingstoke was a French courtesan). She was furious, she raged, she threatened to sue, said it ruined her socially, that she could never hold her head up in society. The hairdresser did, you understand! 







continued from
page 22

SHOCKER LOSER

Factory worker

Albert Fershturber has lost his job this Christmas in Salzburg, Austria, because he was always late for work. He overslept every day.

He decided to appeal to an industrial tribunal, claiming he had been unfairly dismissed. However, he lost his case when he failed to turn up for the hearing in court. He had overslept again.

BURGER GIRL BARES BOOBIES

A tall sexy blonde ordered a Big Mac while doing her Christmas shopping with her girlfriend - and snipped off before eating it!

Amazed and delighted male customers at the McDonald's in Croydon, Surrey, applauded as the mystery teenager peeled off her blue top to reveal her very ample charms. After finishing her meal she put on her clothes and walked out with her friend, amidst thunderous applause.

A police spokesman told us "She must have done it for a dare. And although she hasn't broken the law, we would like to see her to help us clear up a couple of points."

WEE JOKE

Fifty new students at Oxford University fell for a wee Christmas hoax - an official letter asked them to leave pink bottles full of urine samples outside their tutor's office for medical checks, before going home at the end of term.

BOTTOM OF THE ART MARKET

The bottom is not falling out of the art work in New York. Quite the opposite, in fact. For this Christmas, Greenwich Village artist Grant Tye, and his lovely nude model, 26-year-old rechristened Rachel King, are receiving making and selling paintings like hot cakes.

First, Grant draws his contours in big blobs on a marble slab. Then Rachel sits her bare bottom on the paint. And after squirming around for a few seconds, she transfers her bottom to a 15-inch square canvas. The smelly result, claims Grant, is most intriguing. The composites of Rachel's bum-print are fetching about £200 a time.

FRENCHMEN OF LETTERS

The most popular buy in the fashionable shops in Nice this Christmas are designer Y-fronts with a special pocket

provided for a condom.

Apparently the Frenchman is highly embarrassed if he comes from in his pocket and they inadvertently spill out when he's reaching for something else, thereby saving his date.

The reasoning is, however, that once you are down to your underpants, you must be in with a chance.

HELP! THERE'S A SQUIRREL UP MY SKIRT

Chippy the squirrel is having a great Christmas. He's just nutty about sexy women - and shows it by bolting right up their skirts. The loopy terror puts his victims in a panic by dashing up their legs, then forcing them in a most tender spot. Chippy, an eight-month-old grey squirrel, has found

girls' upper thighs irresistible since his owner Joe Taylor set him free several months ago in a park in Cambridge.

A spokesman for London Zoo told us "Chippy is only looking for somewhere dark and warm to relax. He's most certainly not looking for nuts."

FREE MASSAGE

After losing his job in a Naples tannery, leatherworker Enrico Valecchio decided to work for himself - marketing as a skin food the cream he once used to soften leather.

All trial sales were sluggish, but then as a Christmas gimmick, he hit on the winning idea: "Free massage with every jar of cream."

Customers passed in and out now his makeshift home is crowded every day with girls

who try to pretend that it's just the cream they have come for - even though they are prepared to wait for up to three hours to take their turn on the massage table.

SANTA'S RED HOT FILM

West German police rushed to a Hamburg cinema to quell a riot started by a crowd of young women. It took more than 30 men to bundle the 14 girls into vans for the drive to the local lock-up.

The women were fined - despite pleas for justification. Their spokeswomen, Fraulien Inge Heilbaum, contended "We had every right to look up a fuss. How would you feel if the film projector broke right in the middle of a naked sex scene with Santa? (Cohn Jeffery and Paul Dorn).

T H E DAPHNE HUGELANDS C O L U M N

The only girl in the world to have a housing estate built over her left tit explains what life is all about.

Dear Miss Hugelands: With reference to your communication of the 10th ultimo I would like to acknowledge receipt of same and forward your tits as soon as possible. We would be happy to accede to your request and will despatch your order by the 21st inst., according to our usual trading terms, which is one good gobble followed by a prolonged lack (position) to suit you, which I hope you will find satisfactory. Thanking you for your continued custom, we assure that your best interests, not to mention your fabulous tits, are always uppermost in my mind.

Yours wanting furiously,
(St. Ströblin, York, Flaccott and Sonney, Purveyors of Unsolicited Fitch to Large-Breasted Women since 1785.)

Dear Mr. Ströblin: It makes me feel humble to receive an unsolicited letter from such a venerable and prestigious firm as yours. In fact, when I think of you old gentlemen striving to maintain the finest traditions of pure British Fitch for so many years, my worryingly heart's sails with pride - which, you might care to note - adds all least another two inches to my bust measurement.

Dear Daphne: If sex is meaningless without love, does that mean love is meaningless without sex? Is meaninglessness without sex? Is sex lovely without meaning? Is meaning meaningless without sex? Alternatively why does any penis grow so enormous whenever I look at your picture? Why do I

rule my underpants if I stare at you for longer than 38 seconds? These are big questions for a brain my size. Perhaps I could discuss them with you over breakfast one morning. Turn up as early as you like - one, two, three o'clock would be fine. (Prof. E. S. Mehl, Dept. of Philosophy, University of Wiltshire.)

Dear Professor Mehl: If your letter means what I think it means, you have raised some fascinating questions on the question of meaning. On the other hand, if you don't mean what I think you mean, then your letter is entirely without meaning. Was this perhaps your meaning all along? I shall be giving this a great deal of thought in the future, but in the meantime I shall be down and give my boobs a good stroke, because it's much more fun.

Dear Ms. Hugelands: I am writing to complain that your column is too arousing for my husband. All he seems to talk about is your enormous breasts, your wise and witty comments and your pretty face, but really your enormous breasts.

I think he is getting kinky about them, and it is having a very bad effect on our sex life. Nothing we do seems to satisfy him any more. Not to put too fine a point on it, I believe your column has corrupted him.

It things go on like this my boyfriend and I will be forced to find a new partner for our threesome, and we will almost certainly be thrown out of our



wife-ravaging circle. I blame the permissive society. (Audrey Trean, Greenfield, Bucks.)

Dear Audrey: This is a common problem, which is why I am sending you a copy of my pamphlet *Marital Harmony and How To Organise a Successful Orgy For Less than Five Pounds a Head!* I think you might find my new book how to Make Love to the Same 152 People for the Rest of Your Life a help too. Love Daphne.

Dear Daphne: Is it true that extremely short-sighted men are more passionate than average?

PS. I'm sorry my signature is typed, but I can't see my pen. (K. Batt, Wolverhampton.) Dear Mr. Batt: I really don't know. I have only been to bed with two extremely short-sighted men and, when each of them had taken off their glasses, they walked straight out of the bedroom and I never saw them again.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MELNE



fleur

MEN ONLY

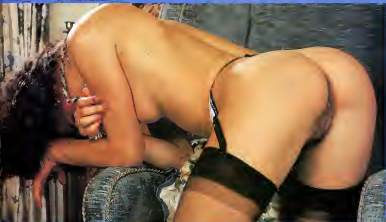


r

early disappointed after failing to win the gold medal for massage at the Seoul Olympics, Fleur flung herself into her work as a medical research chemist. But after a few months that began to pull on her, "It seemed so pointless. I asked myself time and again what I could do that would really help mankind. So I decided to become a nude," recalls Fleur. "And I found I was a natural. I was actually a nude all the time under my clothes." Sexy Fleur (32-23-34) was unlucky at the Games. Put into the dressage event by a confused gentleman friend, she messaged her horse beautifully, only to be disquelled on a technicality. "It was a tough sport, but someone had to do it," she says, fully naked. 3/93







S TEPHANIE

Photographs by Joanie Allum














S

everal months later you'd have thought Stephanie would have forgotten the small matter of coming across the Editor naked in the swimming pool. It was an incident that nearly wrecked her career, because she just couldn't help bursting out laughing whenever she thought of it and, as you know, nude models are supposed to look miserable, sultry and orgasmic in most magazines, as well as 36-24-36. The only place happy, laughing girls get to work is *Men Only*. We thought we'd got it made but she was feeling miserable, so we rolled the Editor in to give her the giggles. 







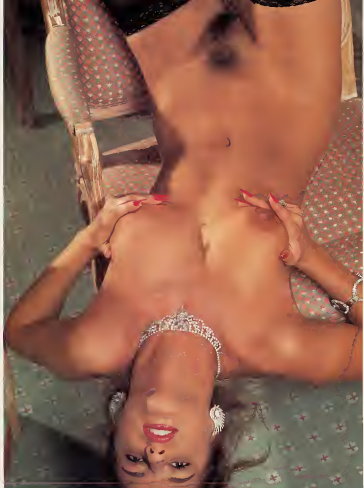
MEN ONLY



DOWN







Christmas is coming and Rowan is looking forward to it - mainly because that's when she goes to Florida to avoid the cold, the relatives, the groping hands at the office party and the drinks on the buses. "I'm fed up of clearing up all that puke," flouts the world's first superstar bus conductress (36-23-36). Sexy Rowan will be alone on her trip to Miami (although, she swears, not for long). She was going with her toy boy, Vince, but she wound him up a bit too much and the spring broke. ... All of which should reach young Rowan in a jiffy. "I'm sorry, I can't talk now. Just make up some rubbish to go with the pictures." *That!*









Photographs by John Graham

Georgina



Wever satisfied with the way they look, women. You may think they are a little critical of our physical defects: the rotten posture, over-hilly bottoms and sagging chests and thighs, but they're a thousand times more critical of themselves. Find the most beautiful girl in the world and she's worried about the shape of her nose and wants slightly bigger

breasts. Feminists blame men for this mania, but it's obviously not our fault. All sorts and shapes of women find loving men — we're not that fussy.

So it comes as no surprise that Georgina (43-24-36) thinks her tits are too big! "I'd like them reduced to 36-D," she says.

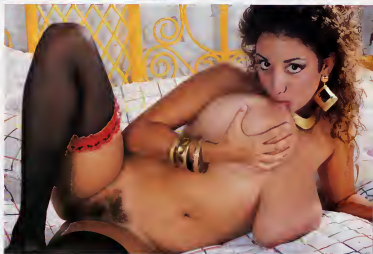
Retreating before yells of male rage ☹☹













YOURS SINFULLY

Write and tell us what turns you on. We'd love to know about
your sexual fantasies and true life experiences. Address your letters to: The Editor,
Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

PRIVATE TUITION

Before I met Ted, I worked as a supply teacher in secondary schools in the Brixton and Shalby districts of Southwark. I was only 22 years old and I grew to dread teaching lath and joint math boys. Even though the headteachers were very supportive and told me to report straight back to them if I encountered any nonsense there was nothing I could do when I caught boys staring at my bottom or my breasts, or shyly stroking themselves between the legs as I walked past them along the aisles.

However, there was one boy who was very mature for his age and incredibly attractive, and as far as I was concerned he could stare at me to his heart's content. But for Jack's tender age (17), I'd have had no

qualms whatever about diving him to my flat for some extra-curricular anatomy lessons! As luck would have it I bumped into him at Sainsbury's one afternoon recently (lucky because my husband was in flight) attending a business seminar and following a drink or two of a wine bar, invited him back to the house.

Now 21 years old, Jack's body had lost that boyish gangliness. His torso, though still on the lean side, was taut and tanned and muscular, and just one look at the tight tuck of his buttocks and the phenomenal cockbalg in the left inner leg of his denim was enough to make me wet. He sat nervously beside me on the sofa and confessed he'd always forced me, and when I went one further and told him I used to frig myself all thinking about him, his ears went bright red.

We kissed like a pair of lads in the back row of the movies, feeling each other up like by little, his hand on my knee, my hand inside his shirt. His hand on my inner thigh, my hand accidentally brushing against his bulge, his fingers trembling as he discovered I was wearing stockings. Oh Christ, I was sweating!

I squatted Jack's cock bulge and whispered something shy as his ear, like, "You'll be gentle with me, won't you?" (lucky because the last bloody thing on earth I wanted was for him to be gentle with me) and he came over all shabby when I patted my thighs to give him access to my tanny, calling me an "angel" (I mean light) if there's one thing I absolutely hate being called, it's that!

"Get your finger off!" I said, a little impatiently. And then, mellowing a little, "Hurry up and show me that





SEX THERAPY

My husband and I are the hard-bikers. Our day-in-day-out transportation consists of a 1987 Nissan Commodore Classic with a 1941 Harley Davidson panhead, and in our spare time we restore classic British bikes, specializing in Triumph Bonnevilles. Moreover, I was our coiffeur in treatment — a Victorian Black Steamer shined for years under bayhats in our Essex barn — which earned us some headaches. Moving over a fortnight restoring it, Geoff insisted it be the All over Saturday afternoon on his way home from an antiqueshop, and tearfully intubated himself. Tally fractured skull, cerebral privy and two fractured fingers.

After nine weeks of traction and a further three undergoing intensive physiotherapy, Geoff was making a good recovery. He'd been out of his hospital — just in time to find me as he'd (re)turned Black around stockings and a black leather corset with his best friend. Well, I was the first to admit I thoughtfully desired the slapping he gave me, and I was just off very lightly adrift with a punch in the mouth, very lightly indeed considering the cap's weight. He'd been getting up to almost every night for the final three weeks of Geoff's incarceration! Anyway, Geoff was very good about it, all things considered, and after a few more tumbles of scotch we were all the best of friends again.

It wasn't until Geoff had been home for two or three days that I realized how fished up he was. There were previous. Once wrong with him in the white department (black Gault), but some mornings he could go through again merely getting to his feet, only becoming fully awake some three or four hours into the day. Things were even worse as he grew tired at night. We'd couplings of nerves and pain and he as the safe in front of the TV, using whisky as an anesthetic. Our sex life rarely amounted to much more than the occasional hiccup, or even worse. Geoff acquired the man for watching me swing in front of him with my legs apart, rubbing myself off while he watched, and I began to think this

one-way love of my life would never reach.

Moreover, Geoff's a reactive guy and knew full well I wasn't getting enough. At my insistence, he started rubbing his physis open, and showed marked signs of improvement, but he became increasingly frustrated at my inability to satisfy me. Then, one night when (yet again) he'd drunk his much, he made an intriguing suggestion: that I started "teasing" Les again — while he watched.

I tried my best — sincerely, I think — to appear shocked and

stunned, watched, turned me on to much, my panties got wet in the process.

"Do you think we should?" I asked apprehensively, but Geoff merely grinned, reaching for my arm and giving it an affectionate squeeze. "Then we'd better get some booze in," I followed. "I couldn't possibly do it sober."

The next day when Geoff was with his physis, I called Les at work and told him what his pal had in mind. I told him I was worried that Geoff would be jealous when he saw how much better-hung was his best friend, and how terrified I was of enjoying myself. Les's response was to laugh and accuse me of being neurotic.

"All he wants to for me to fuck the ass off you while he watches and plays with himself," he said. "The guy loves you to much, he wants me to fill in for him, at a mere 'Serey'!"

Our first three-way evening together started out nicely. Geoff told me to slip out of my dress, but it was cold, wearing only what stockings and suspender belt, as I borrowed Les's leather jacket. The risk being full support and restraint against my nipples, and the whistly and howling went straight to my head, making me feel loose and slutty. It was when I dropped my

legals of my panties.

"Use me the man says!" said Geoff. "Such his ass?"

Indeed, what was the point of fucking myself? I wrapped my fingers around Les's impressive hard-



on, rolled the collar of slack skin back and flicked my tongue around the very tip of the balls. I caught the juice — but unaccountably — whiff of pussy as I popped it in my mouth.

As I started to suck, Les revved down between my thighs and flicked my clit, spreading my palms in order to let poor old Geoff see what he was missing. I felt a finger slip in, then another, but by now I was so hyped-up, only hard core could keep me from climbing the walls — or a ribcage.

The suggestion was well received. Geoff returned from his bedroom brandishing the 16-inch Tennessee Towner and I turned it straight to speed three, hitting my clit for a minute or two before slipping it deep into my slit.

"You slut!" Geoff murmured, licking off his penis and sipping me taking a back end.

"Would you love me any other way?" I asked, withdrawing my lips from Les's burgeoning test.

Les got down on his knees in front of me and started kissing my nipples, the underside of his rock-hard penis rubbing snugly against my mast of pubes and clapping my clitoris. I think my tears were his adorable, smelly



disgusted by his proposal, but amorously the thrill of performing with my former secret lover while my

glans between the safe bed and the table and best time to retrieve it, Les grabbed me.

"These knickers aren't half-right, girl!" he panted, looking behind me and running his hands over my ass. "I can hardly get my fingers in 'em! Hussy, Geoff, you should feel how we like it!"



The whisky went to my head, making me feel loose and slutty.

I decided to face the beast, opening the killer jacket to expose my boobs and drawing my legs open wide, my pussy clearly visible thanks to Les's groin-rubbing experiment! By the time he'd whipped off his pants and T-shirt he was fully erect in his experiment to give his mate an X-rated ride.

"Now suck it!" he said, standing between my knees and grabbing the

bottom and thrusting my crotch in him, and for the first time that evening our lips were in my mouth.

"I can't really like each other, don't you?" asked Geoff, raising our closeness was more than merely physical.

"I'm going soft in the head, mate," Les said. "This is where but — not bloody seriously though! He got to his feet, pushed me on to my

back, twisting my knees and pushing them up into my chest. You're going to go to my ankles, he pushed them a mile apart, taking his cock in his hand and jiggling his hands around the sticky periphery of my cunt, getting me so worked up I nearly lost my mind.

"Don't give about, Les?" said Geoff, waving his hands in a coffering way. "Give the rest the fuck she needs. Hard and fast!" I reacted between my legs and tightly flapped my clit as Les locked his ankles by my feet below my hips and into my arse.

As Les rolled off me, locked in arse and prying for breath, Geoff kept to his feet, polished by the discipline of my ass-to-ass challenge. He stood there between my thighs, eyes flicking with fury and cock at full mast — the very picture of rampant, rampant masculinity.

"Go on — give it to her!" urged Les.

"You fussy little shit!" said Geoff, dropping to his knees and thrusting his hands with my ass and tit. Then he snaked out one his fingers through my hair — almost touchingly affectionate. "You sure you want

OUT OF FASHION

When I was expelled from ballet school after being caught in bed with another girl, my mother decided it was best for all concerned for me to seek my happiness where what the middle-classes are like when it comes to sex. I found employment in London working as housekeeper to the office of a fashion magazine, who heaped me more than my parents had ever done by getting me started as a fashion model.

Wonderfully for me, my bisexuality was no longer something I had to keep locked in the cupboard, and physically speaking I was able to enjoy the best of both worlds. There were gorgeous, witty models from the States, France, Scandinavia and Nigeria, as well as the occasional romantic fling with dashing young gentlemen. Life was fun, and I was getting sex on each and every opportunity. Sex with the ladies merely consisted of anything heavier than a mutual frig in the lavs at the fashion shows. The *Prêt-à-Porter* in Paris, the *Milieucentennade*, or even Tokyo. But it wasn't till I met (and developed a Goddammy



crush on) Giselle, a stunning model who was five years my senior, that I had my first lesbian love affair.

It was Giselle who taught me there was so much more to lesbianism than finger-fuck. She picked me up at a Covent Garden nightclub and took me back to her immaculate apartment in Queensway (Daddy was a banker) and quite frankly I was shocked when she sat at my feet and extra-me-you-like folded my shirt up around my waist and started



"First look at the state of her!" roared Les as his hands finally came to rest within an inch of the neck of my arse (or so it felt). "Can't leave herself alone even when she's full of shit!"

The knowledge that my husband-to-be was sitting just feet away, taking the spectacle of his wife's pleasure, less-restrained, daily dafting so slowly and innocently into my ecstasy, worked on me like an aphrodisiac. To describe the way I felt as "excited" or

more?" he asked, and then: "Christ, I've amazed you?"

I'd forgotten just how good Geoff was. Oh, as he snarled rest to the scene impressed itself on his mind, but as he penetrated me and showed his cock around inside me, I recovered instantly, capable of wonders of joy here and now — Geoff and I — before his arrival.

The following half-hour was like a fireworks as though we were experiencing each other anew. There

He stood there between my thighs, the very picture of rampant masculinity.

Without our would-be long-buddy husband, it was nothing less than a bitch in heat, delirious for cock.

"Geoff, darling!" I whined. "Come and help him. I want you both!"

However, Geoff seemed to be in the throes of some kind of confidence crisis. That, as he was enjoying his work rather more than he should have been. Not for the first time that evening he ignored something about his "bad hair" — and my picture unimpaired.

"For God's sake come and make love to me!" I begged, as Les's short strokes rose in their reasonable crescendo and his hand started pulling deep into my cunt. "Are you a man or a passionate bloody cripple?"

were those towering skyscrapers of his downcrotch. I'd all but forgotten, like the way he says: "It's that neck" whenever he passes a bottle me, flexing his groin within my sightline like the way he plops. "There! There!" when we're clenching together.

"I've missed you, too," I told, wrapping my legs around his waist. Guilty then did we realize Les had divorced and left — or rather, left as it is. At the time of writing my friend is well on the road to total recovery, and our sex life has never been better. Geoff says if he ever catches me and Les together again, he'll "wing our bloody necks". He's got nothing to worry about.

Marie, Birmingham.



losing my water thighs.

I knew it sounds dirty, but I was puffed up of exposing my legs. Giselle was a very sophisticated lady, and I was afraid she'd soon my cheap little black silk G-string. Added to which, they were obscenely damp in the toilet.

I had yet to experience a tongue between my legs, and I was incredibly nervous as Giselle pulled the flimsy silk gusset aside and started licking me. On the one hand it felt divine, but at the same time dirty and perverted. In short, just fantastic! It was when I closed my eyes for the twentieth time and Giselle passed from her task to say "Now then, young lady, what can you do to make me happy?" that I panicked a little.



I said I needed a drink and she led me into the front room and pointed me in the direction of a house-brain trolley. As I hunched behind the cork on the M&S bottle I could not to notice what was passing behind me, and when I turned to face my drink she was waiting for me on the sofa and – but for her Dior stockings – completely naked.

I grabbed the drinks on the coffee table in front of her and followed suit, stepping down to my white fishnet stockings. I gulped half a glass of fine straight down – and promptly burped. Giselle tottered and said I was "gauche", so I launched back the rest of the glass and burped again, at which she threatened to put me over her knee and spank me!

"Go on, then," I said, putting my legs "Spank me! See if I care! But first, you've got to catch me!"

I fled in the direction of the bathroom with Giselle hot on my tail, but I failed to establish a sufficient lead to slam the door on her, and she pinned me up against the vanity unit, her penetrating public base digging into mine.

"You see?" she said, grabbing a handful of my hair and yanking it so hard I "ached" in pain. "You

are a cheap tart, see?" and bit my lower lip so hard, I thought it would bleed.

We bowed with an incredible intensity of passion, our tongues flickering, greedy for each other's saliva. It was then she caught sight of my bottom, squeezed hard and tight up against the washbasin, in the bathroom mirror facing her. She dug her nails into my buttocks brutally as she thumped her pussy into mine – and then sprang one of her infamous "naughty surprises", grabbing a water-soaked bar of Cassia's from a soap dish and jamming it between my buttocks. "It feels like a slippery sock, you?" she said. "You prefer slippery sock to the things I do?"

Lining up to my "cheap tart" occupation, I spread my legs, clapping her bottom and slipping my fingers between her irrepressibly tormented buttocks.

"I've had some really big ones," I said, taking the soap from her hand and slipping it into my ass. "See? Plenty of room."

It was all the professionally elegant Frenchwoman could take, seeing me standing there, shamelessly pawing my pussy with a shiny soap-sucker. She grabbed my hair and led me – laughing and struggling bloody – into the bedroom, sitting on the edge of her bed and dragging me face-down over her leg.

"You want I should punish?" she said contently, giving my eager little bum a firming back-hander. "Why you so naughty when we together? Why?"

However, the sight of my posturing pussy nothing so temptingly between my grishly tight buttocks was progressively too inviting even for a confined domesticity such as Giselle, and soon we were thrashing around in an obscenely juicy associate and, greedy for the relief of orgasm.



Metast, as he would have it.

It was a rather worse-for-wear Giselle who turned up on the doorstep of my Telford Road basement at six o'clock, one summer morning in the company of her latest conquest – a black African law student who would have looked perfectly at home on the new-look bench at a Harlem Glastonbury game.

"I didn't know you indulged in boys – yet alone black boys," I said, rubbing my eyes and plugging the paralysis in. I was still in last night's clothes (it'd been a heavy one) and slightly hang-over – and hangovers have always had the weird effect of making me just incredibly ready. Even so, I was far from delighted at being woken at such an

hour, and extracted the longest length of rampant male greed it has ever been my good fortune to lay eyes on!

"Now be a darling and give Laura something to look at while I blow him," she said, peeling as much of him between her lips as she could manage.

"Now who's a cheap little tart?" I said, spreading my white blue stockinged thighs and tugging my black silk panty-vests tight up against my pussy. The slightly bulging outline of my cunt was clearly discernible beneath the too elastic web, and the young black guy stared hungrily as I began rubbing myself off.

Within a minute he started groaning and tugging his head from side to side, and suddenly

We kissed with incredible passion, our tongues greedy for each other's saliva.

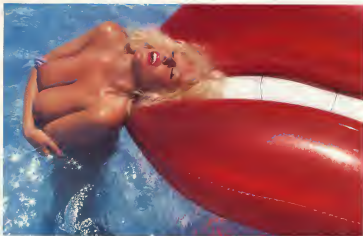
intensely God-forsaken hour.

As a third fashion model, I was more than accustomed to the flirty – not to say wantonly provocative – ways of fashion models. But the way Giselle behaved that morning, even allowing for her drunkenness, was plain outrageous! No sooner had I passed the coffee round, she put down on her knees on my far from clean kitchen floor, snatched her nightclub peep-ey's

Giselle recoiled – more in disgust than pleasure – so strong other than of cloying, perky (and just spurted from his colossal prick).

Unfortunately, the fashion industry has little call for maturely wise models and I was forced to abandon my civil step-wise lifestyle in favour of a transgressive-breaking, hard-bred and a tasteless in South Beach. But it was fun while it lasted.

D M, London SW27 100



MY CONFESSION

We all have sexy secrets and erotic fantasies although few of us are fortunate enough to be able to put them into practice. 'My Confession' is for those impulsive and audacious readers who have dared to do it for real.

"Linda," Steve called from the hall, "it's your boyfriend."

"Paul's an employer and a friend, that's all," I said.

My husband flashed me a tight grin as I took the phone from him. On the other end of the line Paul was his usual obnoxious self.

"Hi, Linda. I'm signing this deal at the house on Wednesday with some guys from Europe—usual boring business types. I'll need a girl with a nice bod around to stop us all dying of boredom."

"Which means I'll have to lose my bikini top again, I suppose?" I grinned, lowering my voice.

Even Paul chuckled. "C'mon I help it if you've got the patient tits in the East Midlands?"

I laughed again. "I'll have to ask Steve."

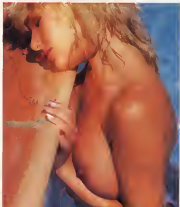
Paul started. "Remind him you're a model, for God's sake. His lucky you've got the tits to back up his legend."

I didn't agree—out loud. Steve and I had been married three years, and he was lovely, most of

the time. But he didn't understand that to make decent money I had to do the odd bit of glamour, or 'thrusting up' for an old friend like Paul. He'd mean for days if I went topless at some country club. I didn't dare trust I'd been doing full nude regularly for over a year!

What made it worse was that I really enjoyed showing off what I had. I loved seeing the men's eyes pop out on stalks! Things occasionally got a bit wild, but nothing I was ashamed of. You can't blame a guy for having a gripe when you're standing there with your boobs in his face. But that was all.

Steve didn't know about this, either, though he had a firm idea, which is why I didn't mention my Wednesday date. As it turned out, it was just as well. Paul's place is a semi-detached on the Dorset, complete with glassed-over swimming pool. Paul's in his late 30s, divorced and makes a bomb from clubs, which is where I met



him. I took along my friend Joaqui, who's petite and brunette and married, though her husband positively encourages her to fuck around, and wants to hear all about it afterwards, which is a bit OTT for me.

Paul wanted us in smart gowns, ankle-length but with a lot of cleavage. He gave us both swimming costumes to wear underneath, then took us in to meet his guests.

They were three fellows from Rome, all in their 30s, immaculately dressed, polite, attractive, but their leader – a tall, blond guy who looked like a film star – left me with my mouth hanging open. I couldn't believe anyone could be that good-looking! I knew at that instant I just couldn't be responsible for my actions any more.

We all sat down to lunch – Joaqui next to my guy whose she monopolised and made it very obvious he could get into her pants any time he liked. Then we had drinks by the pool.

Joaqui and the blond guy were getting on like a house on fire – I was lucky to get the odd smile. But Paul saved me. He suddenly produced that massive inflatable, like a giant mouth – 'Jaw' he called it – and flung it in the pool.

'Which of our ladies fancies being eaten alive?' he cried.

It was my cue. I had my straps down and the gown over my hips before he finished. Paul's come

was two sizes too small, and the first dive had me bouncing out the top. The Italian started whistling and 'fawning' – including the blond one.

Joaqui looked furious! Then the youngest Italian – a small, dark guy – decided she ought to join me. She protested, and suddenly there was a chaos, Joaqui running, shrieking around the pool, pursued by the young guy. Cheered on by the others, he caught her, she grabbed him and both tumbled in, fully clothed. Then it was my turn to grab attention, and did I just? I lolled about on 'Jaw', I rolled my bare boobs between the giant red lips, I bunched down on its teeth, sticking my bum in the air. I had to keep straightening the point of my nose, because it kept sliding off my gassy, and after a while I didn't care if it covered me or not. I just wanted to knock the blond guy's eyes out, and, by the whistling and cheering he and his friend were giving me, that's the least I was doing.

They stood at the poolside, begging me to come over to them, and they meant it. When you're done at fancy dinner clubs as I have, you can spot a hard-on at 30 feet!

Naturally I refused, leaving them even more – until the dark guy, who was still splashing about with Joaqui, suddenly shoved me towards the side! I had about two seconds to scramble





out, leaving my penis twisted around my thighs, and lapped it, with my pussy—everything—on view, and blonde and friend in hot pursuit.

I got halfway round the pool before the dark guy bowed 'bows' out in front of me, and I went headfirst over it. Then blonde growled. I didn't know whether to be terrified or delighted. He was all over me, feeding and squeezing my boobs, kissing my nipples, running his big smooth hands over my back and bottom. I was still struggling and laughing—very breathlessly! I can't say I hadn't been in similar situations before at Paul's, but I'd always kept my pants on and I'd never been so blatant as I'd been today. Then I found my hand down in the inflatable, with blonde leaning into me from behind, his hands cupping my backside and a very big lump in his crotch pushing between the cheeks of my bottom.

Then I felt blonde's hand move back to his fly and tug at his up. That's when I knew he was going to fuck me.

He was so eager he came into me in a rush, but even pushing down his trousers, so the up edge pushed against my pussy flesh. But I didn't care. All I knew was the hard, hot, solid length of him sliding into me, filling me.

"Quante bello... bello!" he hissed. Then he was pumping me, jerking me back and forth on that stupid inflatable, clutching at my hips to drive his cock still harder and deeper into me, until I felt his shaft twitch and bend over,

even before he grunted. At the first gush of spunk, I was clamping my thighs tight, shrieking out as my own clitoris swept over me. And, as I lifted my hand, I felt sticky liquid spitting my throat, opened my eyes and saw

blonde's friend in front of me, red-faced, bare from the waist down, gripping the nearest swimmer, dripping cock.

"Oh my ass!" he said. Now that's one confession Steve'll never hear from me! **BT**





PAUL RAYMOND BRINGS YOU ANOTHER

**MEN'S
WORLD**

WOW!

**MEN'S
WORLD**
IT'S
MEGA HUGE
it's the
**TOTALLY NEW
CONCEPT**
in
men's magazines

Every thing you've ever
wanted...available
at your newsagents
from **OCTOBER 27th**

GOT IT? then GET IT!

NEXT MONTH IN **MEN ONLY**

FIRM SPRINGY BOTTIES



**GET YOURSELF THROUGH THE
FESTIVE SEASON WITH LOTS OF
SNEAKY PEAKY NIPPLE FRESH
GORGE BIRDS, TAUT BOUNCY
GOOSEFLESHED BOTTOMS,
PERT PANTING BOSOMS AND
JUICY THROBBING MOIST BITS**

VOL 53 NO 13 ON SALE DEC 15

B L A H !

continued from page 66

man is ordered to do it and performs his task while wearing an apron and welding a washing-up brush.

J.K.
Safran Walden

From an idiot

Sir I love to masturbate while perusing the lovely girls in *Men Only*, but as one who has never mastered the art of rubbing the top of his head and his belly at the same time, I find it extremely hard to concise myself and turn the pages all at once.

I bet this is a problem all your readers have every day and I'm delighted to share with them the perfect solution to the

From a Fairy

Sir I refer to the ridiculous letter in your recent issue (*Men Only* Vol 53, No. 10) from a fool who has only just discovered sex. His idea that a baby is born every time a fairy squeezes is so totally pathetic I don't know whether to laugh or cry.

However, his concern goes to what will become of us fairies if sexual intercourse takes over the baby-making process does him great credit! Few people give a shit about faeries.

His notion's wrong, though, we're all right. You can't have babies without sex. For, although the sneezing idea is rubbish, babies are in fact born only when a fairy laughs, despite what your scientists



problem which will, into the bargain, give them the best orgasm they've ever dreamed of, let alone had.

I cut out all my favourite pictures from the magazine and stick them up all around the wall of my bedroom, right up next to the ceiling.

Then, by hanging from the light fix, I find I am able to spin around and around, letting picture after picture flash past my eyes.

The goodness is made up for by the physical effect. Suddenly, without warning, my body goes completely stiff, my legs start to jerk and - *poof* - all the lights in Ramford and Hornchurch go out!

I never had an orgasm like it before and, when I get out of hospital (if I do), I may try it again.

Y.J.
Ramford

Don't try this, please. We hate to lose readers! - Ed

think. The confusion is quite understandable though, because we faeries are a morose bunch and the only thing that will make us titter is a couple of human beings fucking.

Well, that's funny! So you see, sexual intercourse does have an important part to play.

Just as well we don't laugh at homosexual intercourse, we're all right, but so far there have been no documented reports of babies as a result of faeries throwing up.

Travis

A Word Near Athens
Ed's note: We apologise here and now for the state of our readers to our new readers. Please don't let them deter you. Brain damage is not, I repeat, not, a side effect of reading *Men Only*!

It is only a side effect of working on *Men Only* as most of you already know. Ag

Skinflicks

1: DEBBEE ASHBY

1. Cut out all the pictures along blue lines.
2. Arrange pictures in numerical order with picture 1 at the top.
3. Align bottom edges neatly.
4. Staple together through black line.
5. Hold flickbook at the top and flick from front to back. Happy flicking, fellow flickers!

1 —



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10



11



12



13



14



15



16



17



18



19



20



MEN ONLY

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

VOLUME 53 NUMBER 12 £1.50

Available at the
Express 10p extra
plus 50p for
subscriptions
Summer 086 17
0400000 000000
00000000

**FREE SKINFICKS-
DENBEE ASHBY
FLICKERBOOK**

**EXCLUSIVE:
HUGE GRABBO-
WOBBLES
BRITAIN'S
BIGGEST
BOOBED
BEAUTY**

**HUGE BUMPER
MEGA FESTIVE
ISSUE
PLUS
PLOWED
PUSHERS
SURVIVING
THE
OFFICE
PARTY**

**JINGLE
BALLS:
SANTA'S
HARD RIDE**

**WORLD EXCLUSIVE:
DON JOHNSON'S RANDY
BONKBIRD NUDE**

M 4104 - 8812 - 36.00 F



3794104036009 88120

MEN ONLY

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

VOLUME 53 NUMBER 12 £1.50

Available at the
Express 10p extra
plus 50p for
subscriptions
Summer 086 17
0400000 000000
00000000

**FREE SKINFICKS-
DENBEE ASHBY
FLICKERBOOK**

**EXCLUSIVE:
HUGE GRABBO-
WOBBLES
BRITAIN'S
BIGGEST
BOOBED
BEAUTY**

**HUGE BUMPER
MEGA FESTIVE
ISSUE
PLUS
PLOKED
PUSHERS
SURVIVING
THE
OFFICE
PARTY**

**JINGLE
BALLS:
SANTA'S
HARD RIDE**

**WORLD EXCLUSIVE:
DON JOHNSON'S RANDY
BONKBIRD NUDE**

M 4104 - 9812 - 36.00 F



3794104036009 88120